

The Tragedy of Hamlet

So hallowed and so gracious is that time.

Hor. So haue I heard and doe in part belecue it,
But looke the morne in russet mantle clad
Walkes ore the dew of yon high Eastward hill:
Breake wee our watch vp and by my aduise
Let vs impart what wee haue seen to night
Vnto yong *Hamlet*, for vpon my life
This spirit dumb to vs, will speake to him:
Doe you consent wee shall acquaint him with it
As needfull in our loues fitting our duety.

Mar. Lets doo't I pray, and I this morning know
Where wee shall find him most conuenient.

Exeunt.

Flourish. Enter *Claudius*, King of Denmarke, *Gertrud* the
Queene, Counsaile: as *Polonius*, and his Sonne *Laertes*,
Hamlet cum Aliis.

Claud. Though yet of *Hamlet* our deare brothers death
The memory bee greene, and that it vs befitted
To beare our hearts in greefe and our whole kingdome,
To be contracted in one browe of woe,
Yet so farre hath discretion fought with nature,
That wee with wisest sorrow thinke on him
Together with remembrance of our selues:
Therefore our sometime Sister, now our Queene
Th'imperiall ioyntresse to this warlike state
Haue wee as twere with a defeated ioy
With an auspicious, and a dropping eye,
With mirth in funerall, and with dirge in mariage,
In equall scale waighing delight and dole
Taken to wife: nor haue wee herein bard
Your better wisdomes, which haue freely gone
With this affaire along (for all our thanks)
Now followes that you know yong *Fortinbras*,
Holding a weake supposall of our worth
Or thinking by our late deare brothers death
Our state to bee disioynt, and out of frame
Colegued with this dreame of his aduantage
Hec hath not faild to pester vs with message

Prince of Denmark

Importing the surrender of those
Lost by his father, with all bands
To our most valiant brother, so m
Now for our selfe, and for this tin
Thus much the busines is, we hau
To *Norway* Vncle of yong *Fortin*
Who impotent and bedred scarce
Of this his Nephewes purpose; to
His further gate heerein, in that th
The lists, and full proportions are
Out of his subiect, and we heere d
You good *Cornelius*, and you *Val*
For bearers of this greeting to old
Giuing to you no further personal
To busines with the King, more th
Of these delated articles allow:

Farwell, and let your hast commen

Cor. Vo. In that, and all things

King. We doubt it nothing, ha

And now *Laertes* whats the newe

You told vs of some sute, what ist

You cannot speake of reason to the

And lose your voyce; what would

That shall not be my offer, nor thy

The head is not more natie to the

The hand more instrumentall to the

Then is the throne of Denmarke to

What would'st thou haue *Laertes*?

Lar. My dread Lord.

Your leaue and fauour to returne t

From whence though willingly I d

To shew my duty in your Coronat

Yet now I must confesse, that duty

My thoughts and wishes bend aga

And bow them to your gracious le

King. Haue you your fathers le

Pol. He hath my Lord wrung fr

By laboursome petition, and at last

Vpon his will I seald my hard con